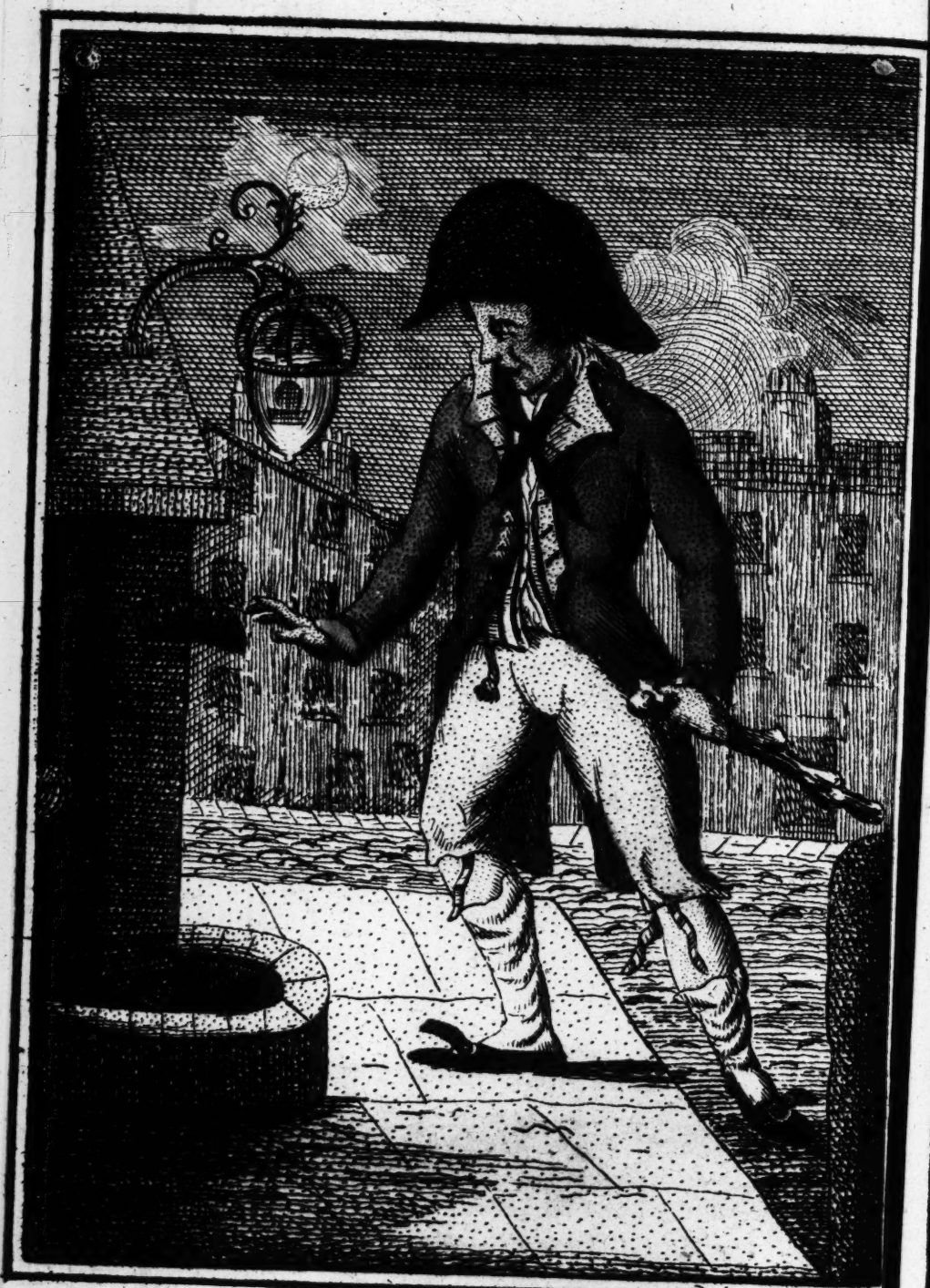
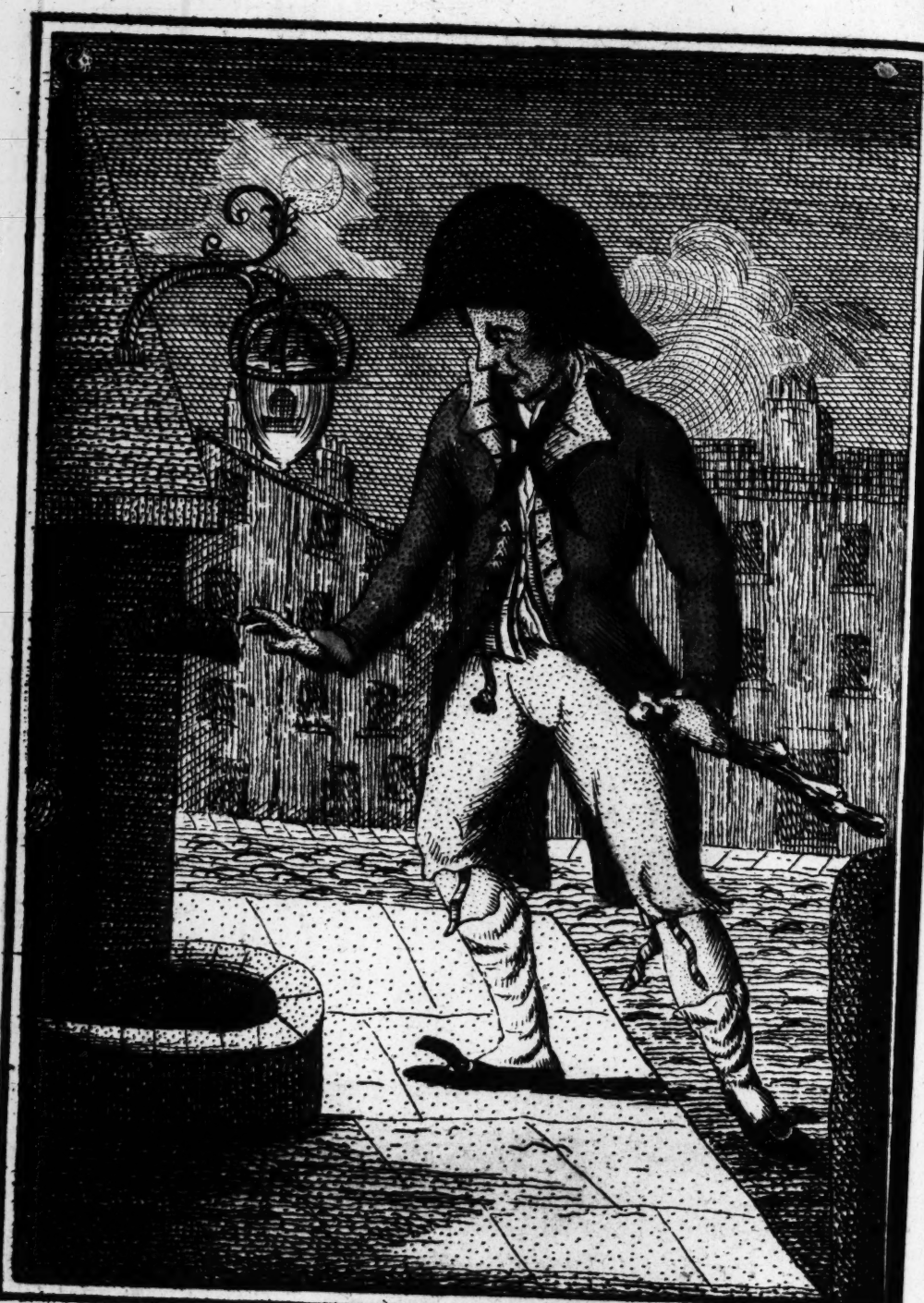




T. Ovenden. Fe

So Mister, you thinks as how I don't know ye, vy your name
Pump, a pritty Feller to run against a Gel'man.



T. Ovenden. Fe

*So Mister, you thinks as how I don't know ye, vy your name
Pump, a pritty Feller to run against a Gel'man.*

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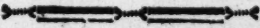
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TOCULATY

PRINTED BY

CHAS. H. HARRIS

NEW YORK

1875

JESTS, JOKES,

AND

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

AN Irishman speaking of suicide said, the only way to stop it was making it punishable with *death*.

An Irishman angling in the rain, was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge: upon being asked the reason, he gave the following answer; 'By Jafus, all the fishes will be after crouding there in order to keep out of the wet.'

An Irish servant enquiring after Lieutenant Jones, among other descriptions added, he was either nephew or niece to Colonel Webb.

A lady reproving a gentleman during the late hard frost for swearing, advised him to leave it off; saying it was a very bad habit. 'Very true,' answered he, 'but at present it is too cold to think of parting with any habit, be it ever so bad.'

A gentleman having received a letter from Ireland, informing him his mother was married again; 'Blood and houns,' says he, 'I hope she won't have a son older than me; if she has, by Jafus, I shall be cut out of the estate.'

A drummer executing his duty on an Irish recruit, who was to receive a certain number of lashes, the fellow, as is customary, cried out, 'Strike high:' the drummer, who also was an Irishman, desirous of obliging his countryman, did as he was requested; but the man still continued to roar out through pain, the drummer was offended: 'The devil burn you,' says he, 'there's no pleasing you, strike where one will!'

A clown

JESTS, JOKES, AND

A clown in Berkshire employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head with much vexation, exclaimed, 'Damn the hogs that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I shou'dn't have had this trouble with thee.'

A certain bruising parson being examined at the Old Bailey, the Counsel, according to custom, attempted to brow beat him—'I think you are the bruising parson,' says he:—'I am,' answered the divine; 'and if you doubt it, come out of Court, and I'll give it you from under my hand!'

A negro, in the Island of St. Christopher, had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising much tyranny among his slaves, the planter died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some short time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his young master behaved—'I suppose,' says he, 'he's a chip of the old block?' 'No, no,' says the negro, 'Massa be all block himself.'

A lover of music having bored a friend who called on him with a number of sonatas on the fiddle, observed to his friend that they were all of them very *difficult*: his friend, who did not love music, drily replied, 'I wish they had all been *impossible*!'

A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? To which he replied 'he ran away with him.'—'What,' said the officer, 'did you do with the money you sold him for?'—'That, please your honour,' said the fellow, with the utmost indifference, 'ran away too.'

The D. of Norfolk boasting to George Selwyn of his estates, many of which he had mortgaged for part of the purchase-money, added, 'And what is more, they are all of my own *creation*.' George drily observed to him, that to make all perfect there must be a *redeemer* as well as a *creator*.

A sailor

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

A sailor on board a ship being frequently drunk, the Captain assured him the next time he was guilty of that offence, he should be punished; and forbid the purser to let him have any liquor: shortly after, the sailor appeared very drunk; how he got the liquor no one could tell; the Captain resolved to find it out; so promised to forgive him if he would tell how he got the liquor: after some hesitation, he hiccup'd out, 'Whys and please your honor, I tapp'd the Governor;' by which he meant, he had stolen some of the arrack, in which the body of an East India Governor lay embalmed, and was coming home to be buried in England.

While taking a walk in my garden one morning, in company with General A——, he told the following anecdote, which may prove an useful lesson to all officers:—At the siege of Lisle, in Queen Ann's time, upon an attack of some of the out-works, the grenadiers of the 15th regiment of foot, were obliged to retire, by the springing of a mine, or by the superiority of the enemy's fire. In this retreat the Lieutenant of these grenadiers, remarkable for his ill-treatment of them, was wounded, and fell. The grenadiers were passing on, nor heeded his entreaties to help him off. At last he laid hold of a pair of shoes that were tied to the waist-belt of one of them; the grenadier, regardless of his situation, and in resentment of his former ill usage, took out a knife from his pocket, with which he cut the string, and left them with him, with this remarkable expression: 'There! there is a new pair of shoes for you, to carry you to hell!'—Had this unhappy man, by his good behaviour, gained the love of his men, every one of them would have, perhaps, risked his own life to have saved that of his officer.

A gentleman, who had been in the East Indies, saying it was customary there to bury the dead within 24 hours after their decease, an Irish lady present, observed, 'She hoped she should not *die* in India, as in that case she should run a risque of being buried *alive*.'

On the first of May, when debates ran high against the influence of the crown, and the patriots insisted much on the majesty of the people, George Selwin happening,
with

JESTS, JOKES, AND

with some friends, to meet a party of chimney-sweepers boys, decorated with gilt paper, &c. exclaimed, 'I have often heard of the majesty of the people, but never before had the pleasure of seeing any of the *young princes*.

In Suffolk, black puddings made in guts are called *links*. When George the Second landed at Harwich, it was so dark that lights were thought necessary. The officer going before enquired of the landlady of the inn, if she had any flambeaux: being answered in the negative, he asked her if she had any *links*;—'Aye, that I have,' said she, 'and some as good as his Majesty ever eat in all his life!'

When Lord Harrington was on his death bed, many of his mistresses came to see him; among the rest, one being very solicitous about his health, and begged admittance; she was told as a reason for the denial, that his Lordship had just received the *sacrament*; to which she answered, supposing it some kind of physic, 'That she would wait patiently till it had worked off.'

Captain Blake, well known for his many Irish bulls, once being in company where some young officers were talking lightly on religious subjects, he was observed to treat them with apparent uneasiness; at length one of them mentioning the Devil in rather a ludicrous manner, he jumped out of his chair, and insisted on his leaving off that indecent discourse, swearing, by Jafus, the Devil was an improper subject for mirth, being the *fourth* person in the *Trinity*.

Captain B being extremely ill, and almost dead for want of rest, it was thought expedient to give him an opiate: while it was preparing, his disorder being at a crisis, he fell into a profound sleep; his friend who attended him, seeing the state he was in, shook him violently, exclaiming, 'Arrah! my good friend, don't be after sleeping now, but wait till you have taken your *sleeping stuff*!'

This is to certify, That I, Daniel O'Flanigan, am not the person who stole a Cheshire cheese on Monday last—and I am ready to give 20 guineas to any one that will lay me 50 that I am the other man that goes by my name.

Ensign

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

Ensign B——, an Irish officer, overtaking some ladies walking in the Park, thus addressed them, ‘Arrah, ladies, by my soul, I have been *after* following you this hour, and could not meet you *before*.’

The first regiment of foot, or royal Scots, are jocularly called *Pontius Pilate’s guards*, a certain officer, very apt to cut jokes, seeing a very old serjeant of that corps, during a total eclipse of the sun, drily ask’d him, ‘Pray, Serjeant, was it much darker at the crucifixion?’

Tom Allen, the little celebrated City Jester to the Lord Mayor of London, being desired by his Lordship to retire with him to the Ægyptian Hall, replied, ‘Yes, an please your worship, but you go *first* and I’ll go *before*.’

‘I want a Young Man’s Companion,’ says Albert Manroe to a bookseller; then here’s my daughter, replied the other.

An Irish woman, on being asked how large the Phoenix park was, replied, ‘Och, Honey, it is as *big round* as 20 miles *long*.’

Mr. Wilkes going to the chop-house in Paternoster-row with a friend, in order to see the humours of the place, seated himself near a purse-proud Cit, who almost stunned roaring for his *flake*, as he called it; Mr. Wilkes, in the mean time, asking him some common questions, received a very brutal answer, the *steak* coming at that instant; Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, ‘See the difference between the city and the bear garden; in the latter, the *bear* is brought to the *flake*; but here the *steak* is brought to the *bear*.’

A child of six years of age, being introduced into company for his extraordinary abilities, was asked by an eminent dignified clergyman, where God was? with the proffered reward of an orange. ‘Tell me, replied the boy, where he is not? and I will give you two!’

One of the King’s soldiers in the civil wars, being full of zeal and liquor, staggered against a church, and clapping the wall of it repeatedly with his hand, hiccupped out, ‘D—n you, you b—h, never fear—I’ll stand by you to the last.’

At the assizes of Caernarvon, where Judge Barrington presided,

JESTS, JOKES, AND

presided, a simple Welshman was tried for some petty offence. The Judge, in an austere manner, asked him, 'What are you?' To which the culprit replied, in his shire manner, 'My Lord, I was sell ale by the pound!' 'Eh,' says the Judge, not hearing him distinctly, 'How do you do, my friend?' 'Pretty well, I thank your Lordship, I hope you are well,' replied the rustic, with such a simplicity in his manner, that threw the court into a fit of laughter that lasted for a quarter of an hour. His Lordship was as merry as the rest, and leaned to his case in such a manner that he was acquitted.

On Christmas eve a poor infirm old man went into a shop in the Seven Dials, which, from the similarity of the sign of three muffins, he mistook for the three balls of a pawnbroker, and offered a trifling article for a small sum, which he said was to relieve immediate want. Fortunately a certain amiable demirep in the neighbourhood of Soho, was at the same time purchasing tea provender, who, while the shopman was explaining the mistake, gave the aged object two guineas. The poor man looked up to her with tears and astonishment; but before he could recollect himself to thank her, she ran out of the shop. — Ye fat and greasy puritans! was not this an act of generosity and charity, worthy the imitation of your most religious moments?

The Duke of D——, on his return from Hyde-Park this morning, said he met with Lord Chesterfield in a very sickly state, taking the air in his carriage; they had not conversed many minutes, when Foote rode up to enquire after his Lordship's health. 'Well, Sam,' says the witty Earl, 'what part do you play to-night?' 'Lady Dowager Whitfield*,' replied the wag. 'I am going to cut a figure myself,' says his Lordship. 'You have long cut a splendid figure, my Lord,' says Foote. 'It may be so,' says his Lordship, with a smile, 'but I am now, Sir, rehearsing the principal character in the Funeral.'

The wife of a farmer on my estate near Richmond was taken in labour; the farmer wished for a son, and

* *Mother Cole in the Minor.*

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

waited in the next room for the intelligence: it proved a boy, and the man jumped from his chair, and clapped his hands with ecstasy. A few minutes after the maid servant came in, and said her mistress was delivered of another child, a fine girl: 'A girl,' said the farmer with astonishment, 'well, well, we must endeavour to give it a bit of bread.' A short while after the girl appeared again, and told him her mistress was delivered of a lovely boy! 'what, another child!' said the farmer, almost frantic, with surprise, 'd—n it, Nanny, is your mistress pigging?'

While a sailor's sentence was pronouncing, who committed a robbery on the highway, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, and held it between his teeth. When the sentence was finished, he bit off a piece of the tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern. — 'Sirrah!' said the judge, piqued at the man's indifference, 'do you know that you are to be hanged shortly?' 'So I hear,' said the sailor, and squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth at the same time. — 'Do you know,' rejoined the judge, 'where you shall go when you die?' — 'I cannot tell, indeed, en't please your honour,' said the sailor. — 'Why then,' cried the judge, with a tremendous voice, 'I will tell you—you will go to hell!' — 'Then, my lord, I hope I shall have the pleasure of your company there.'

Philips, the noted Harlequin, was taken up in London for suspicion of debt, and dealt with the honest officer in the following manner: — He first called for liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no small joy of the bailiff, who rejoiced in having a calf that bled so well, (as they term it). Harlequin made the honest bailiff believe that he had six dozen of wine ready pack'd up, which he would send for to drink while in custody, and likewise allow sixpence a bottle for drinking it in his own chamber. Shoulder dab listened to the proposal with pleasure. The bailiff went to the place, as directed, and returned with joy, to hear that it should be sent in the morning early. Accordingly it came by a porter, sweating under his load: the turnkey called to

JESTS, JOKES, AND

his master, and told him the porter and hamper were come in: 'Very well,' says he, 'then let nothing but the porter and hamper out.' The porter performed his part very well; came heavily in with an empty hamper, and seemed to go lightly out with Philips on his back. He was dis-hampered at an ale-house near the water-side, crossed the Thames, and soon after embarked for Ireland. He was very fond of this trick, and would take pride in his project, which was contrived long before he was taken, to be ready on such an emergency.

An Irishman at an assize in Corke, was arraigned for felony, before Judge Montenev. He was asked who he would be tried by? — 'By no one, by J—s,' says he. The jaylor desired him to say, by God and his country. — 'G-d d—n my own f—l if I do!' says Paddy, 'for I don't like it all at all, my dear!' 'What's that you say, honest man?' says the judge — 'See there now,' says the criminal, 'his lordship, long life to him, calls me an honest man, and why should I plead guilty?' 'What do you say?' says the judge in an authoritative voice 'I say, my lord, I won't be tried by God at all at all, for he knows all about the matter, but I will be tried by your lordship and my country.'

I was riding one day on Richmond-hill, when I observed a house delightfully situated; I asked a gentleman who rode beside me, 'whose house it was?' who informed me it belonged to a card-maker. 'Upon my life,' said I, 'one would imagine all this man's cards turned up trumps.' My companion laughed heartily, and declared it was the best *bon mot* he ever heard in his life.

When I was a boy, I was very fond of my bed; my father came into my bed-chamber one morning, and seemed angry with my sleeping so long, saying, the sun had been up above three hours. 'That's no great wonder, Sir,' said I; 'if I had as many miles to travel to-day as the sun has, I would have risen as soon as him.' My father left me with a smile, and seemed highly delighted with the reply.

A certain new-created lord, standing at a well-known bookseller's shop, at the west-end of the town, a dissipated young

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

young nobleman drove by in a remarkably high phaeton, and six as remarkable horses. Struck with the *tout ensemble* of such a groupe, his Lordship asked, 'What strange figure that was?' — 'Oh, my Lord,' says Type, in the true family pronunciation, 'that is the celebrated Lord ———, who hath long figured away in the walks of fashion and extravagance.' — 'Ah,' replied the peer, 'we have got strange kind of lords now a-days.' — 'Indeed, my Lord,' replied Type, without ever meaning to be pointed, 'you may say that.'

In the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief, after a severe battle, which lasted from morning till evening, and terminated in favour of the British troops, a veteran soldier, excessively fatigued, was resting on his arms, and looking very grave; Lord Stair coming by, asked him why he looked so dull? — 'Dull! your honour, I am not dull; I am only thinking what a damned hard day's work I have done for a groat!'

The late Earl of Chatham, who bore no good-will to a certain physician, was rallying him one day about the inefficacy of his prescriptions. To which the doctor replied, 'He defied any of his patients to find fault with him.' — 'I believe you,' replied the witty Earl, — 'for they are all dead!'

The late Lord Hawke, when a young man, was pressed very much by a taylor to discharge a debt which he was at that time unable to pay. 'You know,' said Mr. Buckram, 'my bill is very long, and frightful to think of.' 'D—n it,' replies the blunt tar, 'don't threaten me with your *bill*; my *talons* will prove a match for your *bill* any hour!'

C—— F——, who has for some time styled himself the Man of the People, and who is now so much attached to Mrs. R——, the celebrated demirep, was observed in her carriage by Mr. S——, who wittily observed to some gentlemen at Arthur's, 'The connection was perfectly right; the Man of the People, and no other, should be Cicisbeo to the Woman of the People.'

The Marchioness of C——, on being detected in her

JESTS, JOKES, AND

amour with Mr. B——, requested her maid would keep it a secret, and if the other servants knew it, she begged she would bribe them into secrecy, for which she gave her four guineas, saying at the same time, if her mamma heard of it, she was an undone woman! To which the girl smartly replied, 'That could not be, for her ladyship was an undone woman already!'

Garrick was so vain a creature, that if he handed you a tea-cup, or glass, you must take it as a great condescension. He had a trick of calling, in a loud voice, to a friend at some distance in the street, and telling him with great pomposity, he would do him the honour of a visit: a wag happening to pass when he made use of one of these salutations, called it a visit in perspective!

When the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons was in London last summer, an Irish lad, the son of one of his tenants, whom he had just taken from the plough-tail, accompanied him in the character of an under footman; his master, who lodged at the bottom of Norfolk Street, sent him one day to call a hackney coach; in a few minutes he appeared with the carriage, having taken one of the horses by the reins, and led them to the door. The Speaker naturally expressed his surprise at the absence of the coachman; to which the fellow simply replied, 'The devil a word your honour said to me about a coachman, you only told me to bring a coach, and sure I found an ocean of them at the top of the street.'* However, Paddy went back to look for the man, who had just missed his carriage, and seemed almost distracted at the circumstance; on observing his whip in his hand, he went up to him, and seized him by the collar, saying, 'Sure enough, I believe you are the man my master sent me for—now, bad manners to you!—who do you think will ride in your coach, without somebody to drive the horses?' and immediately brought him to his master, where it is

* *At the top of Norfolk-street in the Strand, there is a large stand for coaches; at this time the sons of the whip were all at dinner in the neighbouring public house.*

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

hardly necessary to add, the man was made very happy in the recovery of his lost goods.

The same lad was sent a few days after to buy a piece of cheese; his fellow-servants did not like the taste of it; he was desired to change it—it was one half of a Gloucester cheese. He went back, and brought the other half; he was told, upon tasting it, it was the same. ‘I’ll take my Bible oath of that,’ said he, ‘for it is the other half, I saw the man change it with my own eyes;—you may buy your cheese yourselves for me.’

Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages? to which he replied, ‘No, Sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman.’

The following ludicrous, though true circumstance, happened last week: Mr. C——n, of Chigwell in Essex, sent a fine hare to his friend in London; the man by whom it was sent, having occasion, stopped at an alehouse near Stratford, called for a pint of beer, and went backwards; in the mean time the landlord cruelly killed his cat, and put it into the basket in lieu of the hare, which he concealed; the man pursued his journey, sent in the basket; was called in himself, and asked if he had stopped on the road? He answered in the affirmative, and the mystery was cleared up. He received a reward, with thanks to his master for the intended present. He marched back with the cat, called again at the pot-house, where he found only the servant girl, and a pot boiling; he called for another pint, and sent the girl for a penny-worth of tobacco; in the mean time he took a fine piece of beef out of the pot, and put in the cat.

One Collins was stopt in Red-Lion Street, Clerkenwell, with four hogs that he stole. He attempted to make his escape, but running into a court, through which there was no passage, he was taken and lodged in Clerkenwell Bridewell. ‘Damn it,’ said he as he entered, ‘I have brought my hogs to a fine market!’

The late General Carpenter, at a review on Blackheath, rode a charger that seemed crippled; upon which I rode up to him, and acquainted him with the circumstance.

JESTS, JOKES, AND

stance. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have tried every way to cure him, and have been disappointed in all.' 'Indeed!' said I, 'then the only thing I can recommend, General, is to send him to the College of Physicians in Warwick-lane.'

'My Lord,' says a Jew, 'I will be bail for that man for five thousand pounds; and at the time I will take my ote I am worth the monish.' 'I know you would,' replied his Lordship, 'but I won't let you.'

A fellow stole a hog at Loretto, and the person robbed employed a friar to reprove the thief: the admonition ran thus; 'If you do not restore the animal, you must be damned, my son; for the man and his hog will rise up in judgment against you.' 'Well, well, if they do, I'll soon settle it by giving the man his hog again.'

A certain clergyman in the west of England, being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied to him for the next presentation: upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said, he wanted his *death*. 'No, no, doctor,' says the other, 'you quite mistake, it was your *living* I wanted.'

A gentleman just married, telling Foote, he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his dear wife. 'Faith, sir,' says the wit, 'I see you are no hypocrite, for she is truly your *dear* wife.'

'If you are not hanged,' said Justice H—— to a horse-stealer, 'I'll be hanged for you.' 'Very well, your worship,' said the man, 'if it should so happen, I hope you will not be out of the way!'

Two Scotch Highlanders, a people different from the Scotch as our Welch are from us, and as noted for stupidity as the other Scotch are for acuteness, travelling to London, enquired at Barnet, how many miles it was? They were told ten. 'Hang it, Donald,' says one of them, 'it is but five miles apiece, let us go on!'

The late Lord mayor having company to dine with him, invited the Duke of N——. One of his servants, a country booby, was desired when he saw the Duke to be sure to say—his Grace: the Duke approaching, he began,

'Bless

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

‘*Bless we beseech thee, &c.*’ The Duke was struck with the oddity of the servant, and gave him a guinea, for which the servant said, ‘For what we have received, the Lord make us truly thankful!’

There was a notable fat apothecary revelling at a tavern in Fleet-street; and, when his comrades had given him his load, they sought for one to carry him home. A porter was found to convey him in a basket. He got him up with much trouble, and coming to Temple-bar, the gates were shut, for it was twelve at night. The porter knocks, the keeper comes, and desires to know his business. The porter answers, ‘*A thing of great weight.*’ Upon seeing the basket, the keeper asked what was in it; the porter answered, ‘*A pot I carry.*’

Simon Cale, who kept the Ben Jonson’s Head in Shoe-lane, kept a black-bird; one day, putting his finger to the cage, the bird bit him; ‘D—n it, how you pinch,’ says Simon; ‘the bird being out of the cage, a kite took him up and flew off with him, whilst he kept exclaiming, ‘D—n it, how you pinch!’

A Welchman had sentence of death passed upon him for having two wives. But he stormed and swore, ‘Uds split hur nails, he see no reason they had to hang hur for two wives, when the priest told hur, before a great people, hur might have sixteen: Four *better*, four *worse*, four *richer*, four *poorer*.’ (Instead of *For better*, &c.)

Captain Alley, the celebrated prince of pocket-books, and pigeon plucker, on first being initiated in the city militia, must needs seize on a musket; it so happened, by his awkwardness of handling the piece, that he cut his hand with the flint, which sufficiently tried the courage of Mr. Alley, by bringing the blood up in his face. However, to rid himself of being laughed at, boldly and soldier like exclaimed, ‘D—n these fellows of gunsmiths, why can’t they make their *flints* of wood?’

Mr. —, the barber of Cheapside, from his being so remarkable thin, is usually called the walking rufhlight. One day strutting about Barbers’ Hall, like a half fledged turkey, without legs and wings, a person (a friend of his) desirous of speaking with him, was told he was stalking
about

JESTS, JOKES, AND

about the hall. 'I have been there,' says he, 'but could not see him,' (he being short sighted). 'Oh,' says the person who sent him, 'if that is the case, he must have hid himself behind the handle of the *hair broom*!'

Last season being remarkably rainy, one of the performers at Vauxhall was asked how they went on. 'Oh! swimmingly,' replied he.

At such time as Cromwell, president Bradshaw, and Ireton, were dug up, and hanged at Tyburn, one passing said, 'Who would ever have thought of Cromwell being hanged for treason?' 'O sir,' said another, '*this is nothing extraordinary*;' and pointing to Bradshaw, added, '*there is a president for it*.'

A simple country justice in the west of England, being very desirous of convicting any one brought before him for the honour of the office, having had a person produced to him of the name of *Illman* for murder, whispered the clerk to put a K to it, as in his opinion it made very little difference; but however it convicted the man; for the jury being of the same opinion, the name of *Killman* appearing so horrid, brought the man in guilty, and he was hanged accordingly.

Sir Francis Blake Delaval, having married an extremely ugly lady, though very rich, was asked by her friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman? 'Look ye,' said he, 'I bought her by *weight*, and paid nothing for *fashion*.'

'I'm very ill,' said a man; 'I don't think I can live a week.' 'Keep up your spirits,' says another, 'you may live a fortnight!'

Mr. J—— being at one of the city entertainments, was requested to sing a song; he politely declined, alledging he was so indifferent a performer in that way, and his singing would rather disgust than entertain, one of the company observed that he had a good voice, and had had the pleasure of hearing him sing. 'That may be,' replied Mr. J——; 'but as I am not a *freeman*, I have no *voice* in the city!'

One telling another, 'That he had once so excellent a gun, that it went off immediately upon a thief's coming

ing

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

ing into the house, although it was not charged.' 'How the devil can that be?' said the other. 'Because,' said the first, 'the thief carried it off, and what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it.'

A parson, thinking to banter an honest Quaker, asked him, 'Where his religion was before George Fox's time?' 'Where thine was,' says the Quaker, 'before Harry Tudor's time.' 'Now, thou hast been free with me,' added the Quaker, 'pr'ythee let me ask thee a question — 'Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? canst thou tell that?' — 'No,' said the parson, 'nor you neither, I believe.' — 'Yes, I can,' replied the Quaker, 'he was *going* into his *eleventh* year; was he not?'

There being a great disturbance one night at Drury-lane Play-house, the late Mr Wilkes, coming upon the stage to say something to pacify the audience, had an orange thrown full at him; which when he had taken up, making a low bow, with the orange in his hand, 'This is no *civil* orange, I think,' said he.

Purcel, as he had the character of a great punster, was desired, one night, in company, by a gentleman, to make a pun *extempore*. 'Upon what subject?' said Daniel. 'The King,' answered the other. 'Oh, sir,' said he, 'the King is no subject.'

A certain author was telling George Sewel, that a passage he found fault with in his poem might be justified, and that he thought it a metaphor: 'It is such a one then,' said the doctor, 'as, truly, I never *Met-a-fore*.'

A nobleman going out one day, called Teague to the side of his chariot, and bade him tell Mr. Such a-one, if he came, that he should be at home at dinner. But when my lord was got across the square in which he lived, Teague came puffing after him, and calling to the coachman to stop; upon which my lord, pulling the string, desired to know what Teague wanted. 'My lord,' said he, 'you bade me tell Mr. Such a-one, if he came, that you would be at home at dinner, but what am I to tell him if he does not come?'

An Irish baronet, going out with a gentleman, was
C met

JESTS, JOKES, AND

met by his nurse, who begged some charity, as the times went hard with her. The baronet said to her, in a passion,, 'I will give you nothing; you played me a scandalous trick in my infancy.' The old woman, astonished, asked what she had done to him; to which he answered, 'I was a fine boy, and you changed me.'

A school master asking one of his boys, in a sharp wintery morning, what was the Latin for cold, the boy hesitated a little. 'What, sirrah,' said he, 'can't you tell?' 'Yes, yes,' replied the boy, 'I have it at my *finger's ends*.'

A very young officer striking an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions, was unable to reach any higher than his legs. The grenadier upon this infantine assault, gravely took off his cap, and holding it over the officer, by the tip, said, 'Sir, if you were not my officer, I would extinguish you.'

A gentlewoman growing big with child, who had two gallants, one of them with a wooden leg; the question was put, which of the two should father the child. He who had the wooden leg offered to decide it thus: 'If the child,' says he, 'comes into the world with a wooden leg, I will father it; if not, it must be yours.'

A sharper of the town seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, he went and sat near him; and took the liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco; and said, 'Do you smoke, sir?' 'Yes,' says the gentleman, very gravely, 'any one that has a design upon me.'

One asked Sir John Millescent, a man of wit, 'How he did to conform himself to the grave justices, his brothers, when they met?' 'Why, in faith,' answered he, 'I have no way but to drink myself down to the capacity of the bench.'

Sir Drue Drury called for tobacco-pipes at a tavern. The waiter brought some, and, in laying them down on the table, broke most of them. Sir Drue swore a great oath, that they were made of the same metal with the Commandments. 'Why so?' says one. 'Because they are so soon broken.'

A gen-

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

A gentleman who called to pay a morning visit to Foote, took notice of a bust of Garrack on a bureau.—‘Do you know my reason,’ says Foote, ‘for making Garrick stand sentry there!’ ‘No,’ replied his friend. ‘I placed him there,’ resumed the wit, ‘to take care of my money, for by G—d I can’t take care of it myself.’

When the distinguished Major Rogers took up his abode in a spunging house, in Southampton Buildings, Holborn, like a true philosopher, he endeavoured to make his situation as agreeable as possible; he therefore one day, out of a whim, sent cards of invitation to all the bailiffs who frequented the house, to come and dine with him. They accordingly came, and being in high spirits, after dinner, one of them being called upon for a toast, gave, ‘The d—l ride roughshod over the rascally part of the creation.’ When every body was going to drink the toast, the Major (who was at the bottom of the table) cried out, ‘Stop, gentlemen, every man fill a bumper.’—‘Oh, there’s no occasion for that,’ says one of the company: ‘Yes, but there is,’ says the Major, ‘consider, it is a family toast, and ought to be done justice to.’

Lady W—— is celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty. Happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the son of his majesty’s printer, who had the patent for publishing Bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to learn who he was; lady W—— instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard,—‘Oh! don’t you know him? it is young Bible, bound in calf and gilt—but not letter’d.’

A brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker’s fleet in the late engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, being a man of humour, he could not suppress his joke, saying, ‘It

JESTS, JOKES, AND

was high time for him to leave off play when his last pin was bowled down.

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter, 'What he should do with a light guinea he had?' 'Pshaw, it's worth nothing,' says Garrick, 'fling it to the Devil.' 'Well, David,' says the other, 'you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man.'

Foote being told that a man in an high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much cash, had married his kept mistress. 'Good God!' said he, 'that fellow is always robbing the public.'

Mrs. Macaulay having published her Loose Thoughts, Mr. Garrick was asked if he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose?—'By no means,' replied he, 'the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better.'

A lady being ill, sent for a physician, and on his leaving the room, gave a fee of two guineas. This she repeated several times, and one day she gave him a single guinea. This by some accident fell upon the floor, when the doctor picked it up, and turning to the lady, with a significant look, said, 'Madam, I believe I have dropt a guinea.' 'No, Doctor,' replied the lady, smartly, 'twas I who dropt the guinea.'

At the last coronation, a gentleman paid six guineas for a seat in Westminster-abbey; the instant the king entered, he turned to a gentleman beside him, and protested he was the greatest fool in Britain. 'Indeed!' said the gentleman, 'how so, Sir?' 'Why, Sir, I have paid six guineas for a seat here; when his Majesty, who can much better afford it, comes in for a crown!'

A young lady of Chichester was playing at What is it Like, in company where was present an old lady of venerable character, named Boucher: she likened the thing thought on to Mrs. Boucher's stick. It proved to be the History of Pamela. 'The History of Pamela,' said she, 'is like Mrs. Boucher's stick, because it is the support of virtue.'

I was

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

I was walking, some years ago, with the lovely lady Sarah B—, who finding herself teased by an old beggar-man, hastily turned round and told him, she had got nothing; 'I am sorry for that, my sweet young lady,' said the old man; 'old as I am, I have got a little!' Her ladyship smiled, turned about, and gave him a crown.

A farmer near my country seat having married a woman who weighed twenty-five stone; I could not help remarking to lady Betty T—, 'That he married a woman of great substance.'

As lady B—L—, now lady T—, was presiding one evening at a tea table, one of her ruffles caught the flame of the tea-lamp, and burned before it could be extinguished. Lord M—, who was of the party, and thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, 'He did not think her ladyship so apt to *take fire*.'—'Nor am I, my lord,' says she, with great readiness, 'from *such sparks* as you.'

General B— being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to be the Stage Coach, which was acted so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it:—as soon as the curtain closed, and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. 'The Stage Coach, sir,' says Buskin, bowing very respectfully. 'O then, sir,' says the General, 'will you be so good to let me know when you perform this again, that I might be an *outside passenger*.'

During the time of General Bellille's confinement in Windsor Castle, as a party of soldiers were marching there, to be set as guards over him; a gentleman meeting them on the road, asked where they were going, and upon what business? when one of the officers, fond of punning, replied, 'We are going to Windsor to keep a *General Fast*.'

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence; upon which the prosecutors cried out, 'Ten-pence, my Lord! why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds.' 'Oh,' says his Lordship, 'we must not hang a man for fashion's sake.'

The

JESTS, JOKES, AND

The Lord North and Grey, when Mrs. Rogers the actress was young and handsome, used to dangle after her; and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover, asked her, with a sigh, 'What was a cure for love?' 'Your lordship,' said she, 'the best in the world.'

The count de Grancé being wounded in the knee with a musket ball, the surgeons made many incisions. Losing patience at last, he asked them why they cut and carved him so cruelly? 'We seek for the ball;' said they. 'Why the devil did you not speak before,' said the count; 'I have it in my pocket.'

A man seeing in the street *des Petites Peres*, an old woman, who drove some asses, said, 'Adieu, mother of asses.' 'Adieu, adieu, *my son*,' answered she. The man felt his ears grow as he walked along.

A peasant, being condemned to be hanged, sent for a surgeon to be bled; to whom he said, 'I have never been bled, and it is said that the first bleeding saves one's life.'

Counsel is always granted to criminals for their defence. A robber, being surprized in picking a pocket in the Grand Chamber of Justice, it was resolved to proceed against him in a summary way, for so daring an offence. An advocate was however allotted to the prisoner for counsel; who taking him aside, said, 'Is it true that you picked this pocket?' 'It is true, sir,' said the culprit, 'but indeed?— Hush!' said the counsel, 'the very best counsel I can give you, is to run away as fast as you can.' The robber profited by the advice; and ran off by the back stairs. The counsel returned to the bar; and was asked by the first president, what he had to say in behalf of his party; 'Gentlemen,' answered the advocate, 'the wretch confessed to me his crime; and, as he was not guarded, and I was named to give him my best advice, I have advised him to run away. He has followed my advice.' Much laughter arose; for nothing could be said against the advocate. It belonged to the court to give orders; and to the officers to take care that the prisoner should not escape.

A Lady

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

A Lady seeing the sheriff of a county, who was a very handsome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man; a gentleman standing by, asked her which she liked best, the judge or the sheriff? the lady told him, the sheriff: 'Why so?' said the gentleman. 'Because,' answered she, though I love *judgment* well, I love *execution* better.'

A countryman going into the office of the Commons where the wills are kept, and gazing on the huge volumes on the shelves, asked if those were all *bibles*? 'No, Sir,' answered one of the clerks, 'they are *testaments*!'

A gentleman at dinner one day, expressed his partiality for all kinds of internals; when the lady of the house, who had known him for a series of years, very shrewdly observed, 'That he was mistaken, as he neither liked cow-heel nor calf's foot.'

Lady H— one day said to her Lord, who is much attached to reading, 'I wish I was a book, that I might always have your company.' 'Then,' answered he, 'I should wish you an almanack, that I might change once a year.'

When General Coote was a young man, his eldest brother had a small living in Kilrush, a mean village, situated in the most desolate and barren part of Ireland. One day the divine was reading the account from the Bible, of the formation of the world; and when he came to that part, which says, '*and God saw all was good,*' Mr. Coote stopped him, protesting, if it was so, the Almighty must have had his thumb upon that part of the globe where they were then situated, and did not consequently see it, else he would not have made such an assertion.

A witness on a trial being interrogated by Judge Wills in a manner not pleasing to him, turned to an acquaintance, and told him in a half-whisper, 'He did not come there to be *queer'd* by the *old one*.' Wills heard him, and stantly replied, in his own *cant*, 'I am old, 'tis true,—and I'm *rum* sometimes—and for once I'll be *queer*—and I'll send you to *quad**.'

* *Prison*.

The

JESTS, JOKES, AND

The first night that Mr. *Diamond* made his appearance at Drury-lane theatre, Lady Spencer was observing to Sir G. W——n, who sat near her, what a number of *Jews* were in the house. ‘O Lord! Madam,’ says Sir George, I do not wonder at that; consider, they are assembled to try the value of a *Diamond*.’

The Earl of B. who is well known to be a lover of virtue, called at a broker’s shop in one of his morning walks, where he had bought many pictures. The broker died the day before, and lay in his coffin in a back room; and the wife of the deceased was out about some business. It so happened that she left a woman to mind the shop, who made light of sacrificing modesty to a stroke of humour; and who, we must suppose, had an intrigue of some standing with the deceased: for when his Lordship asked if she had any *dead game*, (meaning thereby *pictures*) she replied, ‘The best she had ever met with,’ and instantly led his Lordship to take a view of the *corpse*.

Dr. Johnson being one night at Drury-lane theatre, to see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth; in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he and the whole company in the box where he sat were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him: the disturbance continued until the end of the act; when the Doctor, turning about with great contempt, cried, ‘Pshaw, Sir, how can you be so mistaken? *Your place* is in the *shilling gallery*.’

A porter going to Mr. Blast’s house one day with a load upon his back, said to a gentleman that he met in the Haymarket; ‘Pray, your honour, can you tell me where Mr. Blast lives?’ ‘Mr. Blast? Blast did you say?’ replied the gentleman. ‘Yes, *Blast*, your honour,’ said the porter. This odd connection of words, though not intended to give any offence, so irritated the gentleman, that he not only refused to give the porter information, but in a rage, gave him a hearty drubbing with his cane.

A Mr.

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

A Mr. Hare breakfasted with the celebrated Mr. Fox some time ago, whose dealings with the Jews were pretty extensive. Looking out of the window, he perceived a number of the money-hunting tribe about the door, upon which he called out, 'Pray, gentlemen, are ye fox-hunting or hare-hunting this morning?'

Foote scolding the people under the stage about the bad state of the lamps; 'What's the matter, Charley?' said Weston, hearing Foote's voice: 'Don't you know that he is not well?' 'What's the matter, Charley?' 'Why, the *rising* of the *lights*!'

A girl said to her young lover, I shall grant you all you ask, after you have given me what you have not; what you cannot have; and yet may give me—A husband.

A scholar, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for the sake of security. The barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep, then waked him when his turn came. The scholar scratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, 'You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man instead of me.'

A law-suit arose in an university, upon the point, Whether the doctors in law, or the doctors in medicine, should hold the precedence? The judge asked the council, Whether it was usual for the thief or the hangman to walk first at an execution?—Being answered, That the thief always walked first. 'Then,' said the judge, 'let the doctors in law have the precedence; and the doctors in medicine be next in rank.'

A blacksmith of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the Alcade, that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, who could not do without a blacksmith, to shoe horses, mend wheels, &c. But the Alcade said, 'How then can I fulfil justice?' A labourer answered, 'Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place, one is enough, hang the other.'

JESTS, JOKES, AND

Put a Gascon into the most difficult adventure, and he will find an issue. A cadet of that country, a subaltern officer, left the army, to return home. The purse of this gentleman was very light, and was exhausted when he was fifty leagues from his residence. How shall he act? He arrived, in the evening, at a capital inn. By his manners and effrontery his purse was believed to be well garnished. 'Come,' said he to the landlord, 'good cheer, and a good fire!' He was served to his wish. After supper, he was shewn to an excellent bed. Having digested his supper, and his stratagem, he rose in the middle of the night; and, by a trap-door he had looked for and seen by day, he ascended to the roof of the house, and hiding his breeches in an unsearchable corner, he returned to bed. On the morning, he ordered the servant-girl to make a brisk fire, for it was very cold. Meantime he searched for his breeches. 'My body,' said he, 'do I dream?' Where are my breeches?' In fine, all the family was summoned; the whole house was searched; but no breeches. All the time, the Gascon amused himself with exclamations: 'Has the devil taken my breeches? This is the most amazing thing I ever met with!' The landlord enters; a new search is begun; the house is turned topsy-turvy; but still no breeches. After a thorough search, the Gascon said to the landlord, 'You know that I did not come here without breeches. What I regret most is the loss of twenty pistoles in them. Summon your servants, put them to the question.' At last the Gascon exclaimed, 'What is to be done? I do not wish to bring you before a court of justice, though I should certainly be believed on my word. But I am no Normand: I do not love to plead. If we came to law, it should cost you very dear; but I have compassion on you, and am willing even to lose. Give me ten or twelve pistoles, and a new pair of breeches, and I am gone.' The landlord, glad to be so off, gave him a new pair of breeches of his own, with the ten pistoles; and they parted very well pleased with each other.

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

One saying to another, You speak foolishly. He answered, 'It is that you may understand me.'

A gentleman talking to a fisherman one day at Brighton, asked him whether the Prince of Wales ever went to church? 'Lord, please your honour, (said the fisherman) what should he go to church for? we poor souls are obliged to pray for ourselves, but there are enough to pray for him.'

A silly fop being in company with L—y F—, and wanting his servant, cried out, 'Where is my block-head?' 'Upon your shoulders,' replied the lady.

Dr. C—d having been out a shooting one whole morning, without killing any thing, his servant begged leave to go over into the next field, for he was sure there were some birds there; and, adds the man, 'if there are, I'll doctor them.' 'Doctor them!' says the master, 'what do you mean by that?' 'Why, kill them, Sir.'

The curate de L— went to see the princess of C—. After paying his respects, the princess desired him to sit down, which he did. A moment after he was seated, he perceived something white hanging from his chair. It was the handkerchief of the princess. Imagining it was the flap of his shirt, which had fallen out of his breeches, he blushed, and grew pale by turns, and endeavoured to replace it. The handkerchief was very large, and it cost him great trouble to conceal it, so that he sweat, and suffered extremely from the agitation of his mind. During this painful operation, he answered the princess's questions with great embarrassment; till, at length, having accomplished it, he grew calm; and, pleased with having escaped such a confusion, began to discourse with gaiety. Unluckily for him, two ladies were witnesses of this odd scene, though the princess was occupied with her work, and with many efforts had concealed their laughter. Soon after, the princess asking for her handkerchief, the ladies could no longer contain, but burst out a laughing. The princess, astonished, asked the cause of this mirth; and the ladies were forced to tell, that they laughed because they had seen the curate hide the handkerchief in a very secret place. The cu-

JESTS, JOKES, AND

rate not knowing what to make of this, the ladies were obliged to explain. The curate, in a fever of confusion, drew the handkerchief from its new abode, and presented it to the princess; who, full of humanity, was extremely concerned at his disorder; but could not refrain saying, *Keep the handkerchief, Sir, you have bought it very dear.*

A gentleman of the name of Addison, after spending the evening with several good fellows, became at length so much intoxicated as to be unable to speak, and, reclining his head on a table, fell into a sound sleep; on which one of the company, who sat opposite, remarked, that their friend, Mr. Addison, was at present neither a **TATLER** nor a **SPECTATOR**, but might speedily want a **GUARDIAN**.

A courtier being suspected of impotency, and always denying the charge, met Benferade, who had often rallied him on it, and said, 'My good Sir, notwithstanding your precious wit, my wife was yesterday brought to bed.' 'What then?' said Benferade, 'nobody accused your wife?'

A mistress of a boarding-school at Chelsea, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her scholars with some faults, the young lady denied it, but coloured at the accusation; 'Nay,' says the mistress, 'I am sure it must be true, for you blush.' 'Pardon me,' said she, 'it is only the reflection of your face.'

ISAAC FAC-TOTUM,

*Barber, Perriwig-Maker, Surgeon, Parish-
Clerk, Schoolmaster, Blacksmith,
and Man-Midwife.*

Shaves for a penny, cuts hair for two-pence. Young ladies genteely educated. Lamps lighted by the year or quarter. Also Psalm-singing and horse-shoeing by the *real* maker. Likewise makes and mends all sorts of boots and shoes, teaches the hoboy and Jew's-harp, cuts corns, bleeds and blisters on the lowest terms.

Cow-tilions, and other dances, taught at home or abroad. Also deals wholesale and retail. Sells all sorts of stationary ware, together with blacking-balls, red-herrings,

73

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

herrings, fine gingerbread, coals, scrubbing brushes, treacle, moufe-traps, and all other sorts of sweetmeats.

N. B. I teach Jografy, and them outlandish kind of things. A ball on Wednesdays and Fridays. All performed (God willing) by me,

Isaac Fac-Totum.

The Lord North and Grey, when Mrs. Rogers the actress was young and handsome, used to dangle after her; and one night behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding Lover, asked her, with a sigh, *What was a cure for love? Your lordship, said she, the best in the world.*

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a scrivener's, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but calling to the clerk, 'Pray, Sir,' said he, 'what do you sell here?' *Loggerheads,* cried the other. *Do you?* answered the countryman, *Egad then you have a special trade, for I see you have but one left.*

A proud parson, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, *Who gave him that coat?* *The same,* said the shepherd, *that clothed you; the parish.* The parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd, 'If he would come and live with him? for he wanted a fool.' The man going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, *That his master wanted a fool.* *Why, are you going away then?* said the shepherd. *No,* answered the other. *Then you may tell your master,* replied the shepherd, *his living cannot maintain three of us.*

One Easter Monday, an arch rogue meeting a blind woman, who was crying puddings and pies, took her by the arm, and said, 'Come along with me, Dame, I am going to Moorfields, where, this holiday-time, you may chance to meet with good custom.'—'Thank ye kindly, Sir,'

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JESTS, JOKES, AND

Sir,' says she. Whereupon he conducted her to Cripple-gate church, and placed her in the middle aisle. 'Now,' says he, 'you are in Moorfields;' which she believing to be true, immediately cried out, *Hot puddings and pies! hot puddings and pies! Come, they are all hot! &c.* which caused the whole congregation to burst out into a loud laughter; and the clerk came and told her she was in church; 'You are a lying son of a whore,' says she. Which so enraged the clerk, that he dragged her out of the church; she cursing him all the while; nor would she believe him till she heard the organ play.

Two scholars being in a tavern, fell a talking, in presence of their host, of the great Platonic year; in which, they said, after thirty thousand years, every thing shall revert to its former state. The host seeming much pleased with the novelty of the idea, one of them said to the landlord, that, seeing every thing was, in thirty thousand years, to revert to its present condition, they hoped he would trust them till then, and they would pay him most faithfully. The host, who was a shrewd fellow, replied, 'Gentlemen, I will trust you with all my heart; but, as thirty thousand years ago you must have been just this sum in my debt, I must insist on being paid that first.'

A bad painter, who had never produced any thing of worth, went to another place, and commenced physician. A person who knew him, meeting him there, asked the reason of his change. 'Because,' said he, 'if I now commit faults, the earth covers them.'

Some ladies walking in the fields, met a labourer with a little kid, which he was carrying to market. 'See! see!' said one of them, 'what a pretty little goat, though it has no horns.' The rustic cried, 'Ladies, it is not married.'

The Archbishop of Toledo standing at a window, and seeing a clown beat his ass most unmercifully, opened the casement, and called out, 'Have done, have done, you scoundrel, else I shall have you whipt.' The clown answered, 'Your pardon, good master; I did not know my ass had friends at court.'

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75

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

An Irish officer, in Minorca, was found by a gentleman, who came to visit him in a morning, a little ruffled, and being asked the reason, he replied, that he had lost a pair of fine black silk stockings out of his room, that cost him eighteen shillings; but he hoped he should get them again, for he had ordered them to be cried, with a reward of half a crown for the person who brought them. His friend observing, that this was too poor a recompence for such a pair of silk stockings. *Phob, man,* replied he, *I directed the crier to say they were worsted.*

The late George Willis, a fellow in low life, but a man of a considerable share of wit, and of infinite comedy, coming home very drunk one afternoon, *This habit of drinking,* said his wife, *will certainly shorten your days.*—Then, said George, *my nights will be the longer.*

SALT, fruiterer, removed from *Pepper Alley* to *Vinegar Yard.*

A man, who had sore eyes, applied to a Doctor for relief, who told him to leave off drinking *brandy*; why, said the patient, you drink *brandy*, and yet have sore eyes—‘Aye but,’ said the Doctor, ‘I love *brandy* better than my eyes’.

On Captain Smith’s going to take chambers in the Temple, he was asked by the pretty chambermaid two guineas per week. Oh, my dear creature, replied the son of Mars, I will pay it with the greatest pleasure in life, if you could be let with the lodging; then I’m afraid it wont answer your purpose, Sir, answered the girl; ‘for I must be *let alone.*’

You villain, said one man to another, your father was a murderer, and your brother a pirate; well, I know that, said the other; but you can’t say they were ‘*taylors.*’

Are my *steaks* ready, fellow, bawled a well known swell at Dolly’s; no, replied the waiter; but I perceive your *chops* are.

The Duke of Q—— gallanting with Mrs. Harris, the fruit woman, was asked by Lord M——, if she was not afraid of the consequences; no, an please your Lordship, said she, his Grace is like an old clock, he can *tick*, but can’t *strike.*

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JESTS, JOKES, &c.

I am a wretched fellow, said a baker to a printer, my wife *keeps* her bed. I am more unhappy than you, said the latter; for my wife has *sold* it.

Dignum and Kean the mimic, were both taylor's; Edwin met them arm in arm one day, 'I never see those men together,' said Edwin, 'but they put me in mind of one of Shakespere's comedies;' but which of them; 'why, *Measure for Measure*.'

Mister, I hope you don't call those *legs*; yes, I do; can you give me a better pair: I can't give you worse. But harkee, don't go too near the horseguards: '*why*;' 'if you do, they will steal them for *drum sticks*.'

When Charles F— was teased by some Hebrew creditors for money, he told them he would discharge their debts as soon as possible; 'but, Mr. F—, name the day;' 'the *day of Judgment*.' 'Oh, Mishter F—, that will be too bishy a day for us;' 'right *Moses*, we'll make it the day after.'

Have you seen our aunt Mary? 'Yes, I have.' 'How does she look?' 'Oh, vastly well, like a hapurth of soap after a hard week's washing.'

The noted Barrington being apprehended for stealing a watch, a gentleman asked what was his offence; he archly replied, he was only charged with picking a washerwoman's pocket of a *pail of soap suds*.

At a butcher's in Fleet market, a man asked the price of a shculder of mutton; 'two and two-pence,' said the butcher: 'two and two pence,' you varlet, 'I can buy a new one for that.'

Yesterday I saw a most terrible wind, said one to another. You saw a wind; why, I never heard of a wind being seen: what was it like? 'Like, why it was lik'd to have blown my house down.'

That fine talents may arise out of obscurity was never more exemplified than in the following instance; the Man of the People, when a boy, was puzzled for years to find out the art and mystery of making a '*stale loaf*.'

FINIS.

end of 5319

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